

## MY OLD FRIEND IS NOT HERE.

I hark to the harsh discordant notes  
Of clamorous toll and strife,  
I drag my feet through the dust and heat  
Of the broad highroad of life;  
But I catch not the sound of a well-known  
voice—  
And the road is brown and sere,  
And my eyesight blears with unshed tears—  
For my old friend is not here.

With a backward glance and a wave of the  
hand,  
He has wandered far away  
To a land that lies under cloudless skies—  
Where the sun shines all the day;  
And his form is lost in the hurrying throng  
That gathers from far and near,  
And I miss the grace of his kindly face—  
For my old friend is not here.

But I caught a glimpse of that unknown  
land,  
As my old friend hurried through  
The outer gate, where the dear ones wait  
For the pilgrim who is due;  
And I know that the sun shines all the day,  
That the flowers bloom all the year—  
I shall miss his smile through the after-  
while,  
For my old friend is not here.

—S. Q. Lapius, in Ohio Farmer.

## HIS MIRACLE.

BY CARL SMITH.

The section foreman's boy, red of hair and freckled of face, offered to show him the way to the church, but he declined the proffered courtesy, preferring to walk up the railroad track until he should get tired of the jaunt, when he would stop at a cattle guard and rest, and then return in time for dinner. Church going had been an unknown quantity with him in the city, where there were great cathedrals in half a dozen different parts of the town, and he hardly saw the occasion for departing from custom simply because his exile in the little country town was so uninterestingly eventless. He started with a swinging, athletic stride up the line of gravel, therefore, and the section foreman's boy, palpably starchy and awkward in his Sunday clothes, went hurrying down the street from the station, his red hair crimsonly signaling his approach to the little frame church while he was yet a great distance away.

Kennedy was the new telegraph operator. He was an aspiring fellow and an intelligent one, and some day he hoped to be a trick dispatcher, and possibly, after reasonable lapse of time, the superintendent of telegraph. He spent the long and lonesome nights in reading on social economics, and he knew more about the history of strange and peculiar things associated with government than almost anybody whose name or fame is now suggested to mind. He was the chief telegrapher of his division of the telegraphers' labor union, which met in the city 30 miles away, and he was the man who made the best speeches on Tuesday nights, when lodge proceedings had got as far along as the "road of the order." The officers of the division thought highly of him, and usually they sent him as their lodge delegate to the sessions of the international convention. He could argue splendidly and he said he was an agnostic.

As he walked up the track this Sunday morning the Sabbath feeling seemed to rise up as though to offend against his reasoning and reasonable agnosticism. Across the fields came the mellowness of a church bell, and seeming far, far away, its sound was the sweeter for the distance. Over to the right a farmer's wagon was creeping along the section line road as the sleek brown horses dragged the family toward the place of worship in the town. Around the curve ahead of him there rose a quiet rumbling, and, looking to see what unexpected train was bearing down upon him, he received the hail of Michael Doolan, foreman of Section 43, several miles up the parallel line of rails, who, with his men and their women and children, was whirling along in the direction of the little parish church toward which the redheaded boy had sped several minutes before. The men were on a hand car, to which a little flat had been attached, and this flat accommodated the women and children.

"I suppose it's all right for them," Kennedy murmured, as the twin cars disappeared around the other bend of the curve, "but that isn't for me. Religion is a good enough thing—an indispensable thing, indeed, but it hasn't got around to me yet, and it never will. It's a good, handy thing to have for the purpose of swearing people in courts and impressing ignorant persons whose characters require some sort of ballast of mysticism, not only for their own comfort, but for the safety of the public. Such people, without a weight or anchorage of some kind, would rattle around annoyingly and even harmfully to others. I wish I could believe as they do. Doubtless it is a comforting thing to be as they are, but—"

And he closed his statement of opinion by picking up a stone and throwing it at a rabbit.

He walked to the cattle guard, and, resting, returned, and found he had vastly miscalculated distance and time, and that it was still very early in the day. He looked about and saw the hand-car on a siding, and it suggested something to him. Kennedy prided himself on being a liberal sort of person, and the thought came to him that it would be a fair and reasonable thing for him to drop into the little church, just to show that he had really no feeling against religion. He found the white-painted structure with the cross over its queer little cupola, and, entering,

took the rear-most seat. The services were nearly closing. He looked forward, over the heads of half a hundred devout worshippers, at the priest in vestments, which—although Kennedy did not know it—he had brought at great labor from the city, for the parish was too poor to support a resident pastor. He noted that the worshippers seemed to consider every movement of the be-gowned man as to some especial import, and genuflected and crossed themselves and murmured unintelligible utterances, which he took for prayers. It was very interesting, and in his heart he wished that reason might show him how to be as happily satisfied with the priest's teachings as were these.

"If a miracle could be enacted in those old days, why should not one be performed now?" he inquired inwardly. "Oh, no. It is all opposed to sense and science. Faith?"—for he had arrived in time to hear enough of the sermon to know that the priest had discoursed on faith—"yes, by a miracle I could have faith, but—"

His self-communion was interrupted by the sound of a silvery voice coming from the gallery above his head. "O salutaris!" the hail rose pure and sweet—such a voice as the agnostic had never before heard. "O salutaris!" and the church was filled with the wonder of a music which caused him to think that an angel sung, quite ignoring the fact that according to his philosophy no such thing as an angel could exist. He listened as one entranced, and he left the church with his very soul brimming with the joy of that heavenly soprano.

The next Sunday he walked up the track again, but only a little way. The section foreman's boy had invited him as before to accompany him, but Kennedy hesitated, and, hesitating, was not lost. Now, however, as he again looked up at the cheery hail of the happy passengers of the hand-car, he hesitated again, and this hesitation sent him churchward. He took his former seat in the rear, under the odd little choir loft, and to-day a new priest talked, and, strangely enough, of the "Miracle of Faith." As though answering a question of Kennedy's the clergyman said: "Who are the believers? The greatest of all the great in learning, statecraft and material advancement. Presidents, prime ministers, men of mighty mind accept the divinity of Christ—and if these men, wise enough to be great, and great enough to be honest, accept by faith, why should you or I cry out for a miracle to be enacted for our special behoof. There are many millions of people in the world—"

Kennedy could have told him how many.

"—and what right has one man to ask God to miraculously perform for him so that he might be badgered and forced reluctantly into accepting what worships, more learned men and men of infinitely greater responsibility and vaster temptation gladly and gratefully take as a boon?"

"This," thought Kennedy, "sounds reasonable, but I cannot blindly accept their belief on unsupported, unwitnessed sentiment." And as he thought upon it the voice of the soprano rose in glorification. It was what he had waited for. It filled him with great happiness. The undeserved miracle was beginning of performance.

Every Sunday after this he came in after the others and took his back seat. Her voice had sung him almost into the acceptance toward which the reasoning of the priest was powerless to persuade. He seemed to partake of the feeling of the singer. He exulted with her in the Latin praise of the Redeemer. He learned the words, and they rose almost to his lips as she sung. What a woman she must be! What a heart of purity to well up in such witness of the might of Christian love and Christian mercy! He had never seen her, for he was an agnostic, and he could not yield the stubbornness of his unbelief to ask about her or to even wait in the church to watch her. He came into church late and he left early. He was an agnostic, and she—

But was he? One day after the services were concluded he advanced past the half-hundred humble worshippers, and, greeting the priest, said: "Father, I want to come into the church." His heart leaped with that acknowledgment, and the little edifice seemed filled with the glory of the Shepherd of the lost sheep. Suddenly, from the organ loft, which now for the first time was visible to his eyes, came the swelling sound of that heavenly voice in some song of praise.

He looked for the singer. It was the section foreman's boy.

And this was his miracle.—Chicago Record.

More Than He Wished.  
Suitor—How much dowry will you give your daughter?  
Father—A thousand for every year of her age.

"And what is that?"  
"Thirty-eight."

"I'm afraid that's more dowry than I care for."—Flegende Blaetter.

Partiality.  
"Look here!" said Brown to his better half. "I'm just sick of it treating these animals better than you've done me!" When the pug died what did you do?

Wife—Have it stuffed.  
"Yes; but would you do that much for me?"—Illustrated Chips.

## CLEVER ANSWERS PAID WELL.

Instances in Which They Won Promotion in Civil and Military Life.

A long list might be given of men who have owned their advancement in life to a clever answer given at the right moment. An account of how two of them managed it may be appropriately given just now. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he once picked up the emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, without noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly inquired the quick-witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered, with a smile, "In my guards, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suwaroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suwaroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I would tell them there was plenty of whiskey behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now," answered Suwaroff, "and a right good officer you will be."—Modern Society.

Hard Work Will Tell.

One often envies greatness, overlooking the hardships and struggles passed through before the place of honor has been attained. When we read of the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always where they are through hard work. We hear constantly of the great amount of labor they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Caesar, Henry IV., of France, Sir Isaac Newton, Washington, Napoleon and many others, different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities, were all renowned as hard workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how many hours they spent in the field, the cabinet, in the court—in short, how hard they worked.—Harper's Round Table.

Fire stopped free and permanently cured. No ill after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney Remedy. Free trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Great—"This wine is really excellent!" (Just to himself)—"This fellow is either an ignoramus or he is the rascal who sold me that wine."—Flegende Blaetter.

There are no excuses not to use St. Jacobs Oil for bruises.

There is such a thing as having great influence without having great talent.—Ram's Horn.

Nobody says "yes," everybody says "yea."—Aitchison Globe.

Limp and lame—lame back. St. Jacobs Oil cures it promptly, surely.

No one can study eloquence and not be affected afterward.—Aitchison Globe.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

The reformer is a living declaration of war.—Ram's Horn.

All sorts of aches and pains—nothing better than St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

For a man to exert his power in doing good so far as he can is a glorious task.

## THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 4.			
CATTLE—Best beefs.....	\$ 30	@ 4 00	
Stockers.....	\$ 25	@ 3 00	
Native cows.....	\$ 25	@ 3 00	
HOGS—Choice to heavy.....	\$ 30	@ 3 25	
SHEEP.....	\$ 25	@ 3 40	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	\$ 83	@ 93 1/4	
No. 2 hard.....	\$ 79	@ 80	
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	\$ 17	@ 17 1/4	
OATS—No. 2 mixed.....	\$ 16	@ 17	
RYE—No. 2.....	\$ 38	@ 40	
FLOUR—Patent, per sack.....	\$ 40	@ 50	
Fancy.....	\$ 25	@ 35	
HAY—Choice timothy.....	\$ 80	@ 85	
Fancy prairie.....	\$ 50	@ 50	
BRAN—(Sacked).....	\$ 38	@ 40	
BUTTER—Choice creamery.....	\$ 17 1/4	@ 18 1/4	
CHEESE—Full cream.....	\$ 10 1/2	@ 13	
EGGS—Choice.....	\$ 12	@ 13	
POTATOES.....	\$ 25	@ 25 1/4	
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Native and shipping.....	\$ 30	@ 5 10	
Texas.....	\$ 25	@ 4 10	
HOGS—Heavy.....	\$ 30	@ 3 00	
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	\$ 25	@ 3 00	
FLOUR—Choice.....	\$ 30	@ 3 10	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	\$ 80	@ 91	
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	\$ 17	@ 20 1/4	
OATS—No. 2 mixed.....	\$ 17	@ 17 1/4	
RYE—No. 2.....	\$ 35	@ 36	
BUTTER—Creamery.....	\$ 18	@ 21 1/4	
LARD—Western mess.....	\$ 30	@ 3 7 1/2	
PORK.....	\$ 7 50	@ 7 45	
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Common to prime.....	\$ 30	@ 5 50	
HOGS—Packing and shipping.....	\$ 30	@ 3 45	
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	\$ 25	@ 3 00	
FLOUR—Winter wheat.....	\$ 40	@ 4 7 1/2	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	\$ 82	@ 93	
CORN—No. 2.....	\$ 23 1/4	@ 13 1/4	
OATS—No. 2.....	\$ 10	@ 10 1/4	
RYE.....	\$ 17 1/4	@ 30	
BUTTER—Creamery.....	\$ 15	@ 30	
LARD.....	\$ 31	@ 3 70	
PORK.....	\$ 6 50	@ 6 55	
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	\$ 27 1/4	@ 5 00	
HOGS—Good to Choice.....	\$ 30	@ 3 90	
FLOUR—Good to Choice.....	\$ 7 1/2	@ 4 15	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	\$ 89 1/4	@ 90	
CORN—No. 2.....	\$ 12	@ 13	
OATS—No. 2.....	\$ 10	@ 11	
BUTTER—Mess.....	\$ 15	@ 21	
PORK—Mess.....	\$ 25	@ 27 1/2	

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BENHAM—"It took three hours for our parade to pass a given point." Mrs. Benham—"Was the given point a saloon?"—Truth.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Millions of men who are daily "Tobacco Spitting and Smoking Their Lives Away" will be glad to learn that the makers of No-To-Bac, the famous guaranteed tobacco habit cure, that has freed over 400,000 tobacco users in the last few years, have put on the market a fifty-cent package of their great remedy. This will give every tobacco user a chance to test No-To-Bac's power to control the desire for tobacco in every form and at the same time be benefited by No-To-Bac's nerve strengthening qualities. Every tobacco user should procure a fifty-cent box at once from his druggist or order it by mail. You will be surprised to see how easily and quickly the desire for tobacco disappears. Any reader can obtain a sample and booklet free by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York, and mentioning this paper.

There are said to be three men in Aitchison who paid for monuments to the memory of their wives' first husbands.—Aitchison Globe.

Danger Envelops Us.

If we live in a region where malaria is prevalent, it is useless to hope to escape it if unprovided with a medicinal safeguard. Wherever the endemic is most prevalent and malignant—in South and Central America, the West Indies and certain portions of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have proved a remedy for and preventive of the disease in every form. Not less effective in curing rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, biliousness and nervousness.

The test of good mince pie is that you can't sleep the night after you eat it.—Aitchison Globe.

Cold quickens rheumatism, but quickly, surely, St. Jacobs Oil cures it.

The man who thinks for himself will also think for the long procession that follows him.—Ram's Horn.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

It is a great mistake for the young to despise what the old have learned by experience.—Ram's Horn.

BURNING, itching, frost-bite. Use St. Jacobs Oil—cures promptly. Cools the fever.

There is nothing to fear from the future.—Ram's Horn.

## Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

While there is nothing particularly soulful about cook aprons and dish towels, no woman ever had enough of them.


Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARR, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 3, '94.

The man who gives the world gold will be forgotten, but he who gives it good will not.—Ram's Horn.

A DULL, aching pain—neuralgia. Its sure cure—St. Jacobs Oil.

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## THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.



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The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence. Be self-convinced through personal proof.

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